WHAT
An Old Horse
SAID

BY

BETSEY ANN SMITH ROBERTS

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "ADVANCE," PATCHOGUE, L. I.

1876.

Entered according to Act of Congress.

PS2719
.R2 W5

What an Old Horse Said.

The other day, Charlie seemed to be,
In a very deep soliloquy
And, as I was passing that way,
I thought I would listen to what he had to say.
He said, "the reason he did not trot fast,
Was, because he could not forget the past;
And he never should live to be so old,
As to forget how, dishonestly, he had been bought and sold
Had heard men tell hundreds of lies,
And seen them bribe their hostlers on the sly—
And all, for the sake of a dollar or two;
Swear that white was black, or that green was blue;
Said that he feared not the grave,
As he had not a soul to be lost or saved;
But he felt to pity unscruplous men,
That would perjure their souls again and again;
Supposed that when he had finished his race,
He would go to horse heaven if there was such a place,
And allowed that he would die as easily, when he died,
As the men who told such monstrous lies.
Those men are sure of having a good fire, free.
Whilst futurity has naught for me.
I have felt thankful to God many a time,
That I was not allied to mankind.
He gave them intellect, and upright they stand,

Though made in His image, they break all His commands.
What God does, is done well;
But some men are determined to get to hell.
They have worked me many a day, though I was poorly fed;
At night I had nothing, but the cold earth for my bed;
It mattered not, how hard I worked,
I was sure to receive the lash, kicks and jerks.
Often had I to stand for hours out in the cold,
While my master was inside a filthy rum-hole.
I have been forced by ungodly men,
To desecrate the Sabbath, again and again;
'Tis their delight to spend that day at some rendezvous of sin,
Where they can swear, drink rum and gin.
Outside, I had to stand, tied to an old dry tree,
Not one drop of water or oates for me;
At night they would come out singing Bacchanalian songs,
And accost me with 'Get up old lazy bones—go along!
Oblivious to all decency, then.
They would drive to the house of some courtesan.
God never repented that he made a horse,
But at intellectual man he was very wroth.
I should like to rise, at the judgment day,
Just to hear what some men will have to say.
Perchance, my hour of triumph will then be,
The good Lord may unloose my tongue and set it free
And place me on the witness stand.' quoth he.
Some men will feel worse than they ever made me,
My testimony will them more appall,
Than to see a hand writing on the wall,
For a clean breast of truth I would make,
Worse than Belshazzar they will quake,
When that great court day shall come,

The number of judges shall be only One.
Chattering lawyers will have to hold their peace,
There will be no clients for them to fleece--
Nineteen hundred years ago,
Christ pronounced upon them a woe;
The judge will say to them ere long,
'Lawyers, your occupation is gone.
All causes here are individual ones;
It is not what this or that one done.
Lawyers, to all eternity,
Are sure of having a good fire free;
There be no Habeas Corpus there,
To rescue men from black despair
The proes and cons used by men,
Will have no weight or bearing then.
The Code Napoleon will be spun out,
Coke and Blackstone will get a rout
Lawyers then can twirl their thum.
And whistle twiddle de, twiddle dum.
Years ago I was purchased by a prelate
And as I was soon going to the country, to his estate,
My heart felt light, and my spirits were high
For to the din of the city, I'd soon say good-bye.
I made a short prayer, and thanked the Gods
That instead of hard pavements I'd soon tread soft sod.
I hoped to be freer from toil and strife,
And enjoy the comforts of a rural life;
I thought of the hills and valleys so fair,
And I longed for a breath of fresh mountain air,
To see the waving corn and meadow green
And quench my thirst in the purling stream.
Next morning we set out for the country,
And I trotted along right merrily.
Although my shoes were loose, and my feet were sore,
Hope buoyed me up and my ills I bore.
Many a weary traveler would not have held to the end,

If hope had not sustained him and been his friend.
It is well that the future is hidden from us
And hope given to cheer us that the heart may not burst.
He urged me along at a rapid rate,
For home he would get before it was late.
I put forth all my energies,
Desirous, if possible, to please,
But I thought I should fall before I reached the gate,
For over two hundred was the weight of the old Prelate.
As there is an end to all journeys below,
So at sunset we arrived and he said: "Whoa!"
After dark — what do you think? —
He came and drew water for me to drink,
Then turned me into his neighbor's corn, —
I never was more surprised since I was born--
Told me to eat my fill through the night,
And he would return for me at daylight.
Ye Gods, thought I, what does this mean?
Is this reallity, or do I dream?
Has he put me here to eat a poor man's corn
When he has bushels in his barn?
Only yesterday I heard him say
That he had enough for years, stowed away.
Before I would to hunger's cravings yield,
I felt as hungry as any horse could feel,
But as hunger knows no law, so I.
There was no alternative, I must eat or die.
It is almost impossible, but I'll do the best I can
To give you a facial description of that man.
Two small, sinister twinkling eyes belonged to him,
And he had a round, broad double chin;
As to the shape of his prominent nose,
It reminded you at once of a cockatoo's.
His mouth resembled not that of Power's Greek slave,

But bespoke at once it belonged to a knave.
His teeth were white, of the Irish style,
And showed to advantage when he smiled.
He knew there was power in a scornful, or a winning look,
And he was not a novice at using that hook.
His smiles were of the fox and snakish kind,
And his hair hung down in a que behind;
Around his throat was a white neck-tie
Folded neatly, and he wore it high.
His voice was a powerful one.
You would think Jove was thundering, when he begun,
He could pitch it to almost any key.
At times it was sonorous, with melody.
I assure you, it was Bass vhen he took me to the barn
Just then he wished not applause or to create alarm,
But it rang out as clear as a clarionet
When he told his hostler to get up and get.
I have heard different men swear in my time,
But never knew one that was as proficient as he in that line.
He had reached the hight of sublimity,
If in swearing such a thing could be.
At eleven he was dressed as neat as a pin,
And he looked as meek and free from sin
As the stars looked the night before.
When I heard him lock his granery door,
As he stalked forth in the height of his pride,
He outdone a Gobbler at every stride.
"Come, Charlie, my good horse," said he,
To day you will visit my flock with me.
His wife came out to bid him good-bye,
"And O! adieu," he said, as he winked his eye,
"My dear, you just mind your P's and Q's
And reflect I've a bone to pick with you.

He kissed the sisters in a fatherly way,
And exhorted the brethren to watch and pray,
And not be eager to hoard up gold,
If at last they desired to enter the fold.
Not to engross themselves in worldly affairs,
But give to the church all they could spare.
And in prayer to their Saviour draw near,
And seek for sanctification here.
Paramount to all other sins, said he,
Beware of the heinous sin of adultery,
He said, whilst tears streamed from his eyes,
That years ago he was sanctified,
Although he lived in this world of strife and sin,
He had long felt true inwardness within.
"It is more than thirty years," he said, with a whine,
"Since he had committed a sin of any kind.
Most assuredly all good men will pass through heaven's gate,
But I think it will be too narrow for that old Prelate.
I have often heard women traduced by men
That no good or wisdom dwelt in them.
In a few words my opinion I'll give.
A close observer I've been, whilst I have lived.
And a silent witness to the treachery of men.
I wish that I could truthfully say more good of them,
Because women are more apt than they,
Men adroitly strive to keep them at bay,
It was not her that denied her Lord,
Or for His life took a reward,
She never nailed Him to the tree,
She proved her love by her fidelity,
Stood by Him to the last, we know,
And to the sepulchre she was the first to go.
It was her that served that He might eat,
And with her tears she washed His feet.

Kneeling, she kissed them o'er and o'er.
Perfume and precious ointment on them poured,
Wiped them dry with the hair of her head,
"But she wasted the ointment so selfish," Simon said.
Men then as now,
Were jealous of woman's superior excellence, I trow,
And exerted all the faculties of their brains
The spirit of women to enchain,
His disciples never gave Him shelter, mantle, or coat,
Not one of them ever gave Him as much as a groat;
They thought they had gained a point when
They brought in a woman for Him to condemn.
"We found her in the very act of adultery,
And forthwith brought her unto Thee.
By the law of Moses she ought to die."
Impatiently they waited for His reply.
Then spake the wonderful one:
"Let him that is innocent cast the first stone."
They were self-condemned, and one by one
They went away speechless, not casting a stone.
That scene is symbolical of the last day,
When brutish men will have nothing to say.
Their trying to make scape-goats of the feminine race,
Shows they have apprehensions of a very hot place.
A cankerworm gnaws at the heart
Of men, that basely act their part,
And pour contumely in their rage
On the weaker vessel, from age to age.
In such men's compositons magnanimity
Is found in only very small commodities.
Candidly, my opinion of woman is, I ween,
That in all good deeds they do surpass the men.
When I have been beaten unmercifully,
It were wives and children that plead for me.
I believe that most wifes and children, when they die,
Will go to bliss beyond the skies,

And that the majority of angles there
Will be wives and children, I do declare.
Adam's sons are time sanctioned, it seems,
To use their vivacious tongues and pens,
To pour vituperation on defenceless women.
They have exhausted that theme the truth to tell,
And the stiller they keep the sweeter they will smell.
Anyone with discernment can see
That between her and Jesus there exists a strong affinity.
Adam was a coward, that they cannot demur,
And his first-born was a murderer.
What man was ever in pain, or near despair,
That did not unselfish woman repair?
It was her that watched o'er his helpless infancy
And taught him to pray on bended knee.
Again in old age to whom do they flee
For encouragement, comfort and sympathy?
It's to forgiving woman On her they can depend,
For she will cherish and solace them to the end.
Ah me! both women and men,
Shall have the same measure they mete here, meted again.
If mother Eve was the first to trangress the law,
It was her daughter Mary that mended the flaw.
She gave as a ransome, her Son Divine;
He bore the sins, and gave life and health to human-kind,
And before man or angel knew what was done,
Mary and Elizabeth rejoiced over God's only Son.
Though here, by men, they are subjugated and tyrannized,
They derive strength unseen by man, from on high.
A very few malidictions were pronounced on them,
Whilst a score or more hang over the men.
Women's strength lies in faith, tears and prayer,
And ungodly men had better beware,

And treat women with kindness and complacency,
For in that land where fire is free,
It's a very few women I think they'll see.
She is flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,
If they do not repent here, hereafter they will groan,
Rumsellers, usurers, and horse jockeys
Will go to that arid land where fire is free.
In that dry land, they will take a long dry sweat,
They showed no pity here, there, none they get;
And a glimering vail, will them obscure,
From that temperate land of waters pure.
All that they gained here, by ungodly ends.
They would give for one quaff of water then.
When my thoughts revert to this subject,
It stirs up all that is in me antagonistic.
We are bid to press forward and forget the past,
As no earthy ills can forever last.
It would be much better for all of us,
If mem'ry on some topics was more treacherous.
We would not be happy, if we were Kings,
If we let our thoughts dwell on unpleasant things.
Alack, he is a fool, and will find it so,
If he is looking for a heaven below.
I now belong to one Mrs. Vanest,
She is neither a she bear, nor a lioness,
Her actions will bear close scrutiny,
And her motto is, "Thou God seest me."
She knows that gratitude in my bosom dwells;
I love her because she treats me well.
Tis kind words and acts that makes love endure,
And a horse does appreciate good treatment, sure.
Use a horse well, and you will soon find,
That depravity dwells not in him, but in mankind.
Though an old horse, I have had my say,
It's soon I must die, and crumble away,

But before I into oblivion go,
I'll crave a blessing on all below.
God bless the men, and their better halves too,
And help one and all the right course to pursue.
May they repent, be honest and live soberly,
And all escape that land where fire is free.

BETSEY ANN SMITH ROBERTS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 256 003 7